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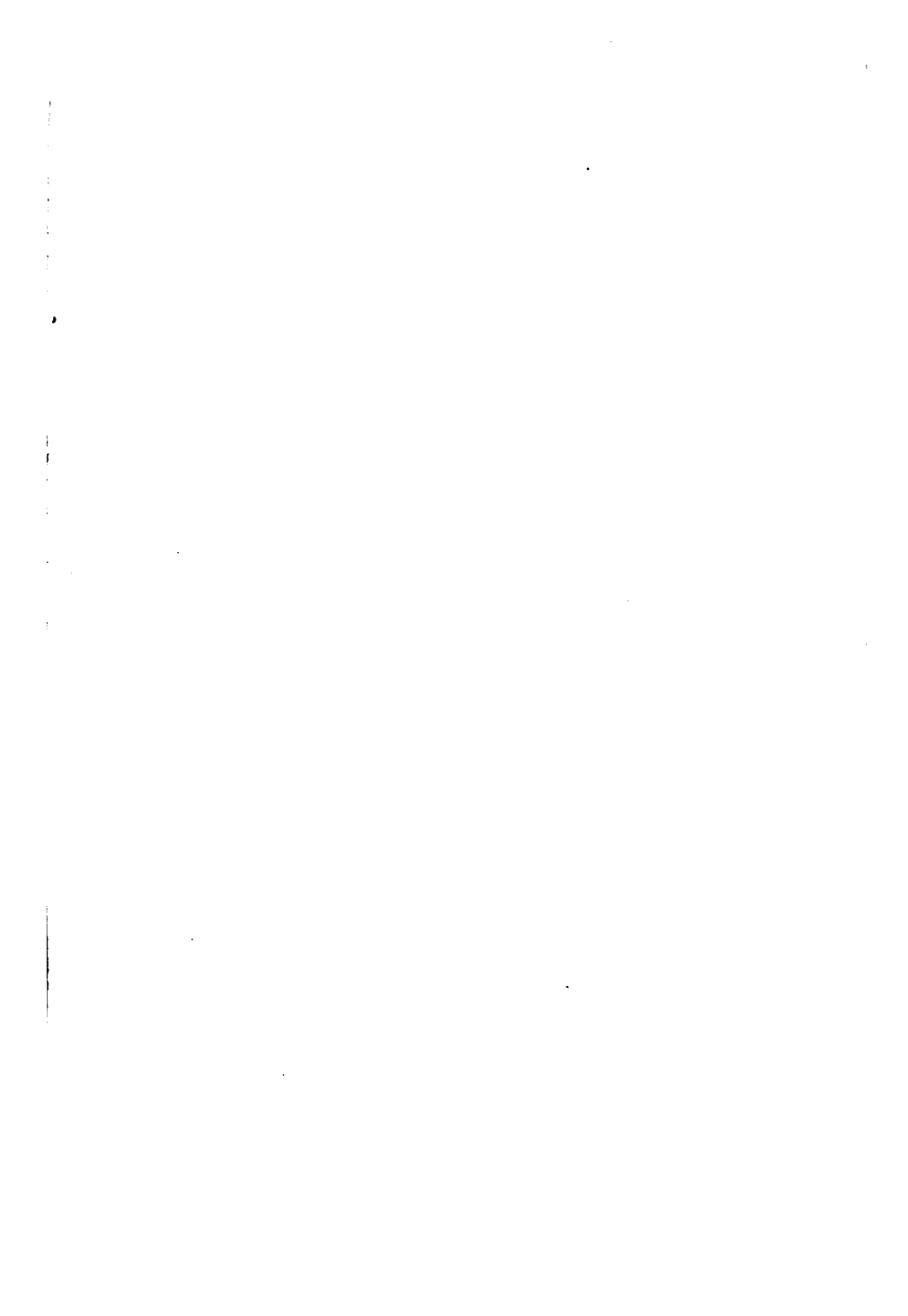
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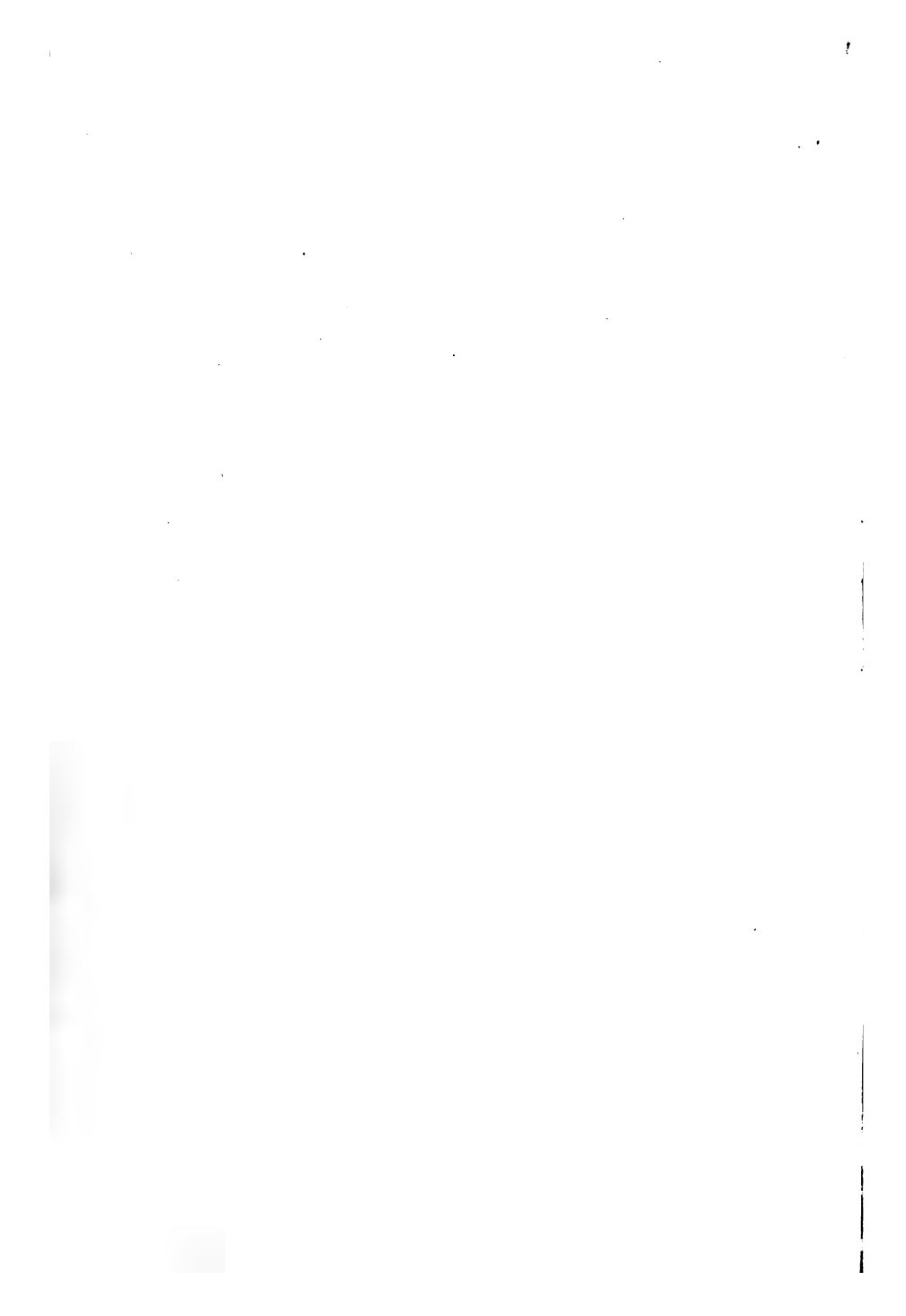
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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

LITTLE STORIES

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE

BY

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH



NEW YORK . . . CINCINNATI . . . CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

1702

~~T 73.6133~~

✓ Educ T 759.02.550

Harvard University,
Dept. of Education Library.

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June 12, 1924

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

LITTLE STORIES.
W. P. 1

PREFACE.

THE vocabulary used in this first supplementary reading-book is mainly confined to that found in five leading First Readers.

For the most part, each lesson is a complete story. By story is meant a dramatic incident, however slight. The children's interest is generally better held by a story than by any other form of reading.

It is noticeable in some First Readers that there is seldom any sequence of stories. Each new lesson introduces a fresh set of nouns and verbs bearing no relation to those of the story preceding.

Many of these stories are arranged in little groups, the object being to retain the child's interest in the characters, and the repeated use of the same, or similar, words, phrases, sentences.



LITTLE STORIES .



THE CAT AND THE RAT.

The cat runs.

The rat runs.

The cat will get the rat.

The cat likes to get rats.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

The dog ran
fast.

The cat ran
fast.

The dog ran
for the cat.

The cat ran
up in a tree.

See the dog.

See the cat.

The cat looks
at the dog.

The dog looks
at the cat.

Can the dog get the cat?

The dog can not get the cat.





THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

Do you see the cat?

The cat sees a bird.

The bird is on its nest.

The bird does not see the cat.

The cat will try to catch the bird.

The bird can fly.

See! the bird flies away.

The cat can not catch the bird.

The cat can not fly like a bird.



THE BOYS AND THE DOG.

The boys play with the dog.

The boys play ball.

The boys throw the ball.

The dog runs for the ball.

The dog runs fast. He gets the ball.

He brings the ball to the boys.

A boy and a dog can play ball.



ROB AND MAY.

Rob has a cow.

May has a doll.

Rob likes his cow.

May likes her doll.

Rob plays with his cow.

May plays with her doll.

Rob and May have fun.



THE BARN AND THE HOUSE.

Rob has a barn.

He puts his cow in the barn.

May has a house.

She puts her doll in the house.

The cow lives in the barn.

The doll lives in the house.

ROB AND MAY AT PLAY.

Rob put his cow in the house.
He put the doll in the barn.
He did it for fun.
May did not like to see her doll
in the barn.
She took the cow out of her house.
She put it in the barn.
She put her doll in the house.
Cows do not live in a house.
Dolls do not live in a barn.

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face
And never sulk for anything.



ROB'S COW.

A cow can eat. A toy cow can
not eat.

Rob makes hay for his toy cow.

He cuts paper into hay.

He puts it in the barn.

He says the toy cow eats the hay.

SPOT.

Our baby has a little dog.

His name is Spot.

Spot likes the baby's doll.

He likes to shake the doll.



He likes to pull the doll's dress.

He does it for fun.

The baby does not like to have

Spot act so.



PLAYING WITH DOLLS.

Girls play with dolls.

They like to play with dolls.

Our baby likes to wash her doll's
face. She makes pies for her doll.

She makes them of mud.

They are mud pies.

Girls make mud pies.

But they can not eat such pies.

ROB'S KITE.

Oh, see the kite !

It is Rob's kite.

Rob made the kite.

What a big kite it is !

It looks little, but it is big.

It is away up in the sky.

What a fine day to fly a kite !

May likes to see Rob's kite.

She likes to see it fly.

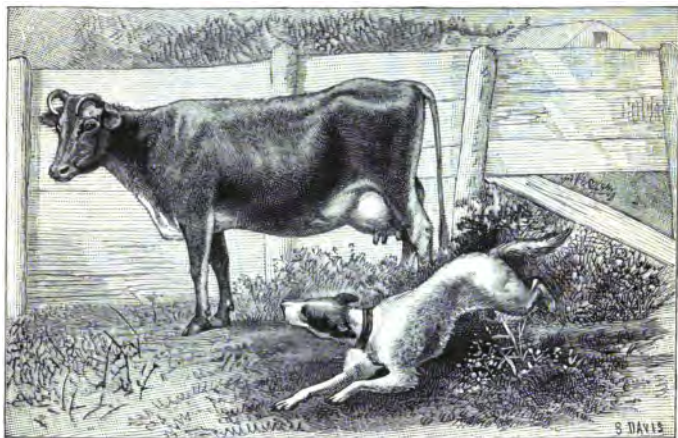


I often sit and wish that I
 Could be a kite up in the
 sky,
 And ride upon the breeze,
 and go
 Whichever way it chanced
 to blow.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE COW.

(To be read to the children.)



The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart :
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she can not stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day ;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers. R. L. S.

DICK.

Dick is my bird. He lives in a cage.
The cage is his house.

I let him out of his cage. He
flew on my hand. I gave him
sugar. He gave me a kiss.



DICK'S DINNER.

We were eating dinner.
Dick was out of his cage.
He flew down on the table.
I gave him a piece of bread.

Dick ate dinner with us.

Then he sang for us.

DICK'S BATH.

Dick did not want to take a bath.

I let him out of his cage.

He flew to the window.

There were flowers in the window.

There was a dish of water in the
window.

Dick took a bath in the dish of
water.

Every day I put Dick's bath tub
in the window.

He likes to take a bath there
among the flowers.



DICK AND THE CAT.

Dick was out of his cage.

He was flying around the room.

He flew on my hand.

The cat came in.

I thought she would catch Dick.

She jumped upon the table.

Dick flew up to the window.

The bad cat could not catch him.

May took her out of the room.

Then Dick flew back on my hand.

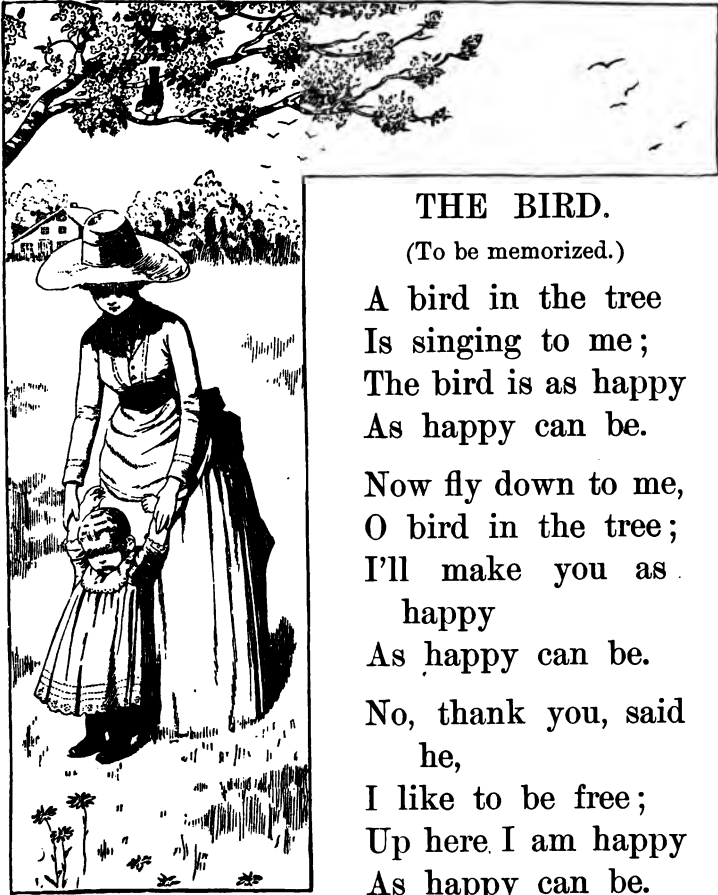


BIRDS BATHING.

Birds in the country
often take baths in
brooks or ponds.

One day a little boy was sailing
his boat on a pond.

A bird flew down to take a bath.
It flew down on the little boat.
It stood there for a minute.
Then it flew away.



THE BIRD.

(To be memorized.)

A bird in the tree
Is singing to me;
The bird is as happy
As happy can be.

Now fly down to me,
O bird in the tree;
I'll make you as
happy
As happy can be.

No, thank you, said
he,
I like to be free;
Up here I am happy
As happy can be.

So let me be free
To sing in my tree,
And then I'll be happy
As happy can be.



FIDO.

I am a little dog. My name is Fido.

I live with Fred and Frank.

They love me dearly, and I love
them dearly.

Where do you think I sleep?

I sleep at the foot of their bed.

They like to have me sleep there.

FIDO AS A WATCH DOG.

One night I heard a great noise.

Oh, how I barked!

I heard the people go to see what
was the matter. .

Pretty soon Fred's papa came in.

He said, "Be quiet, Fido. There
is nothing the matter."

It was only the cat. She pushed
over a milk-pan in the shed.

What a silly cat, to frighten us
so much!



FIDO'S PRESENT.

Fred and Frank gave me a present. It was a queer present.

It was a little box.

The top of the box opened very fast. It flew open and a queer little man jumped out.

I was afraid, but I barked at the little man. Everybody laughed, for he was not a real man.

He was so small that I could take his head in my mouth.

One day I did take it in my mouth. I bit his head off.

After that he could not jump out of his box and frighten me.

They called him Jack-in-the-box.



THE STARS.

Do you like to
look at the
stars? I do.

One night I tried to count the
stars.

There were too many to count.

I could not count them all.

No one can count the stars.

But everyone can love them, and
everyone can look at them.

They are beautiful to look at.



One night a little boy saw a star.

He saw it in the water.

He said, "O mamma, I thought
all the stars were in the sky."

She told him it was not a real
star in the water.

The real star was in the sky.

It was so bright that it seemed
to shine down in the dark water.

BEDTIME STARS.

Jamie saw the stars come out in
the sky.

They came out one by one. They
were bright and new.

Jamie said, "See all the candles
in the sky. God is lighting his
candles. Is he lighting them
so the angels can go to bed?"

"I think he is lighting them so
little boys can go to bed."

Then Jamie's mother took him
away to bed.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows
of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-
nots of the angels.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LAND OF NOD.

(To be memorized.)

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay;
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



MAKING CALLS.

Let us go out and make some calls, Helen.

Whom shall we call on, Grace?

Little girls do not call on people.
We will not call on people, Helen.
How can you make calls without
calling on people?

Come with me and see.

I will, Grace. Let me get my hat.

CALLING ON MRS. ROBIN.

First we will call on Mrs. Robin.
See what a pretty house she has.
It looks so home-like up in the
apple tree under the green leaves.



I will help you to climb up. Can
you see anything in her nest?
Oh, yes, Grace! I see five blue eggs.
We will not stay any longer, Helen.
Mrs. Robin seems afraid of us.



CALLING ON MRS. COW.

Let us walk across the field and
call on Mrs. Cow.

How do you do, Mrs. Cow?

You have nothing to do but eat,
all day long.

But at night you must come to
the barn and give us milk.



CALLING ON LADY BIRCH.

Now let us go and call on Lady
Birch. How pretty she is in
her green and white dress!

Listen, Helen! Her leaves seem
to be talking.

Yes, it sounds as if she said,
“Pleasant, pleasant, pleasant.”

She knows what a fine day it is.
Good-by, Lady Birch! Good-by!

CALLING ON MR. SQUIRREL.

Mr. Squirrel lives over in the woods. Suppose we go and see if he is at home.

No, I do not see him. We will sit down on this soft moss and wait. Perhaps he will come back soon.



But we must be very quiet. We can watch the grasses and the wild-flowers.

There he is! See his bright eyes.

See his bushy tail.

I think his house is in that tree.

CALLING ON MAMMA.

Where shall we go now?

Let us go and call on Mamma
and Baby.

They will be glad to see us.

We will tell them we called on
Mrs. Robin, Mrs. Cow, Lady
Birch, and Mr. Squirrel.

We will tell them what a pleasant
time we have had.

I hope they will give us something
to eat. I am hungry
after our long walk.

We will stop and shake hands with
Rover. He is in the garden.

We will pat the rabbits, and give
them some leaves to eat.



SUNNY DAYS.

(To be memorized.)

Did you ever go on sunny days
The pretty flowers to pull,
And, kneeling in the meadow,
Fill your little apron full?

Did you ever see the daisies shine,
And hear the robins start,
Till you sometimes found it hard to tell
The flowers and song apart?

Did you ever see a butterfly
Upon the blossoms sway,
And leave it free to rest unharmed,
Or go its fluttering way?

And did you ever feel the breeze
Steal lightly to your cheek,
As if it loved you very much
And had a word to speak?

Well, if you have known all these things
So beautiful and wild,
I'm sure the birds and flowers and breeze
Have known a happy child.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

I feel at home with everything
That has its dwelling in the wood;
With flowers that laugh and birds that
sing, —
Companions beautiful and good;
Brothers and sisters everywhere,
And, over all, Our Father's care.

LUCY LARCOM.



JOHN'S NEW CLOTHES.

John has some new clothes. His mother bought them for him. John put on the clothes and went to show them to his father. His father was reading. He put down the book and looked at the new clothes.

He said, "Well, well, those are nice clothes. Are there any pockets in them?"

He began to look for the pockets.

"Yes, there are nice big pockets."

He put his hand in every pocket.

When John began to take off his new clothes, he found a penny in every pocket.

How do you think they got there?

JOHN'S TEA PARTY.

The next morning John went out to spend the pennies he had found in his new clothes.

He bought some cakes and some popcorn candy.

John's sister Alice has a table and
some dishes.

She brought out her table and
dishes and they played tea.

Rover was running around the
yard. He saw John and Alice
playing tea, and ran up to them.
He jumped up and put his paws
on the table.

He barked as if he wanted to say,
"Please give me some."

Then they gave him some cake.

The dewy grass is growing green,
The face of every flower is clean,
And children also should be seen
As fair for school in the morning.

GABRIEL SETOUN.



EMMA.

Do you know Emma?

She is a dear little girl. The
children all love her.

Emma has been sick. She had
to stay in bed a long time.

She had to have her hair cut off.
Her little friends bought her a
present. It was a beautiful plant.



When Emma was much better, the children had a doll's party for her. Each little girl brought a doll to spend an hour with her. They said the dolls would not be noisy nor tire Emma. I wonder if the little girls kept as quiet as their dolls.

EMMA AND THE HAND-ORGAN MAN.

The hand-organ man came down the street. He stopped and began to play.

The children heard him. They ran out of their yards. They took hold of hands and danced.

Some of them brought pennies for the man.

“Please come and play in



front of Emma's house," they said. "She is sick and can not come out. She is sitting by the window. Will you come and play for her?"

The organ man and the children went down the street to Emma's house.

The man played before the door, and the children danced.

Emma saw them from her window.

They threw kisses to Emma and she threw kisses to them.

Emma threw five cents down to the organ man.

The music and the dancing did her much good.



A CITY WALK BEFORE SCHOOL.

Good morning, Arthur.

Good morning, Ella.

Let us take a walk before school.

We can not see trees and grass,
but we can look in the store
windows.

Yes, it is fun to look in the win-
dows. We can choose what we
should like.

And we can make believe the things are ours.

There is a big window.

Oh how full of pretty things it is! What will you choose?

I choose that horse.

And I choose that big doll with a blue dress.

I choose the train of cars.

And look! What a beautiful doll's bed. I choose that.

I choose that pretty little clock.

Oh, see what time it is!

Yes, it is nearly school time. Let us run, or we shall be late.





A COUNTRY WALK BEFORE SCHOOL.

Come, Arthur, don't you think it
is time to start for school?

It is early, but we will start now.

We will walk slowly and look
at all the pretty things.

Oh, Arthur, are you not glad we
live in the country?

Yes, Ella, the country is much nicer than the city.

See that bluebird. He is trying to build a nest. He has something white in his mouth.

Hear the brook sing! What a pretty sound it makes.

There is a ground squirrel. He ran into that tree. Did you see him?

Yes, and I heard a catbird sing. It sounds just like a cat, doesn't it?

So it does. Isn't it a queer song? I hear something else. Listen!

Yes, it is the school bell. Let us see who will get to school first!



THE SHIPWRECK.

One day Arthur

and Ella went

to play in the woods by the
brook.

Arthur took his boat, and Ella
took her doll.

Arthur made believe go out in his
boat to catch fish.

Ella played house under a big tree.

Arthur came to see Ella and her doll. He said, "Will you let your little girl go out sailing in my boat? She is small enough to get into it."

"All right, she may go," said Ella. They put the doll into the boat.

Arthur pushed it out into the water and the doll went sailing. But the boat sailed against a large stone and upset. The doll fell into the water.

"Oh Arthur, she will get all wet!" said Ella.

"It will not hurt her to get wet. I will soon get her out of the water," said Arthur.

HOW FOXY CARRIES THE PAPER.



Do you know
Foxy? He
is a bright
little dog.

Everybody
likes Foxy.

He can do many cunning things.
When his master comes home at
night, Foxy is waiting at the
gate.

His master gives him a paper.

Foxy takes it in his mouth and
carries it to his mistress.

She always pays Foxy for bring-
ing the paper. She gives him
a nut.

One night his master didn't have any paper to give Foxy.

Foxy felt bad. He wanted to earn his nut.

He went to a chair where there were some old papers. He took one and carried it to his mistress. Then he wagged his tail for the nut.

Don't you think he was bright?

HOW FOXY BEGS.

How do you think Foxy asks for what he wants? He stands up on his hind legs. He can stand up a long time.

One evening they made him ask

for candy. He stood up many times, and each time they gave him some candy.

The box was left on the parlor table.

The next morning Foxy's mistress went into the parlor. No one had been in there before, that morning.

There she found Foxy all alone.

He was standing up beside the table where the candy box was.

No one knew how long he had been there. Perhaps he thought if he stood there a long time the box would open and some candy would drop out.



HOW FOXY GOT BY.

Some dogs like to have people talk to them on the street.

Foxy did not like this. He would not be friends with people he didn't know.

When they would call, "Here, Foxy," or "How do you do, sir?" he wouldn't even look at them. He trotted along as if he didn't hear them.

One day a boy tried to stop Foxy.

He held out his arms and wouldn't let Foxy pass.

Foxy ran from one side of the road to the other. But the boy was always in front of him.

At last Foxy ran straight at the boy, barking hard.

The boy was frightened. He let Foxy pass. Then Foxy trotted along quietly again.

FOXY AND THE PANS.

One night Foxy was in the shed.

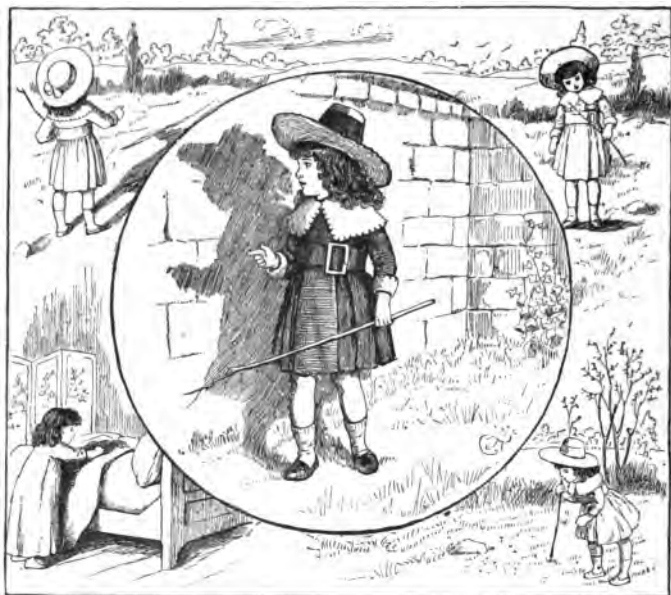
On the table were some milk pans. They had been out drying all day in the sunshine.

Foxy got up to see if he could find any milk. The pans fell over. They made a great noise. Foxy's master ran to see who had made the noise. And where do you suppose he found Foxy? Under a chair, fast asleep!

His master knew that no dog could stay asleep in such a noise.

He said, "Ha, ha, old fellow, I know you are only making believe."

Foxy came out and sat down in front of his master. He put up his paw to shake hands. That was the way he always said, "I'm sorry."



THE SHADOWS.

All up and down in shadow-town
 The shadow children go ;
 In every street you're sure to meet
 Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
 They play at hide-and-seeek,
 But no one yet that I have met
 Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere;
Blow out the light — to bed at night —
Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black,
And fill your eyes with sleep!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

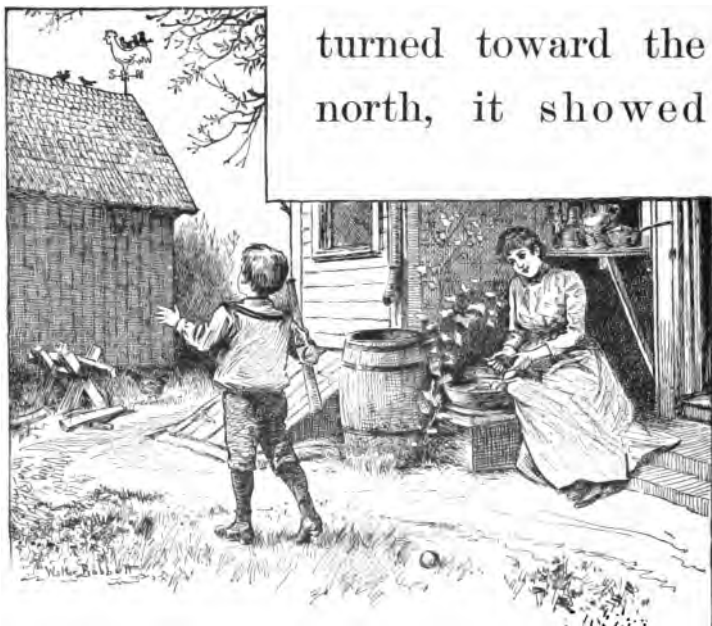
THE BIRDS' RIDE.

Once there was a weather vane.

It was put on a barn to tell
the farmer which way the wind
was blowing.

It looked like a big yellow bird.

When its head was
turned toward the
north, it showed



that the wind was blowing from the north.

One day some birds came flying along. They were on their way to spend the winter in the South.

They stopped to rest on the barn roof. Some of them flew up on the big yellow bird. It was slowly turning around, for the wind was changing.

The little birds sat on the big bird and it turned them around, too. A little boy was playing in the yard. He saw them and shouted: "O Mamma, see the big birdie giving the little birdies a ride!"



THE BOAT.

Little waves, I've brought the boat
Father made for me ;
For I want to see it float
On the sunny sea.
Take it in your little hands ;
Bear it o'er the golden sands.

* * * * *

Little waves, come up and creep

Round my little boat;

Where the water's ankle-deep

I shall see it float;

And you'll sing your sweetest song

As it sails and sails along.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

THE RACE.

“What a nice boat you have,
Allan.”

“Yes, Walter, I think it is a nice
boat. My father made it for
me.”

“Let us go and sail our boats.

We will go to the Park.”

“All right. There is a fine pond
in the Park.”

“We will let our boats race, Allan, and see which gets across first.”

“Hurrah! So we will.”

“All ready, now. Off they go!”

“There, mine is in front, Walter.”

“No mine is. I can tell by the little flag.”

“That’s so; yours is in front. But the wind will help mine along soon. There, now she has gone past yours.”

“Let us run around the pond and wait for them.”

“How queer! See, both have touched the shore at once.”

“Yes, neither boat has won. We must try it again some time.”

MAKING BELIEVE.

Do you like to make believe? I do.

Has your doll an old dress?

You can make believe it is a new
silk dress.

You can make believe your doll is
going to a party.

You can take her to the party.
It will be fun.

You can make believe having a
party supper.

You can use leaves for dishes.

If you have a piece of bread you
can call it cake.

It will not be cake, but it will
taste better.



A MAKE-BELIEVE DOLL.

Nell had no doll. She had broken her doll.

Her mother rolled up an apron and tied a string around it.

Nell made believe it was a doll.

She put a sash on it. At night she put it to bed.

If Nell had not made believe she would not have liked her doll.

MUD PIES

Bell and Nan were in the garden making mud pies. "I wish they were real pies," said Bell.

"So do I," said Nan. "I'm hungry. I wish Grandma would make some little pies for us."

"We must not ask her. She has too much to do."

"Let us go and get some bread. Grandma always lets us have bread if we are hungry."

So the girls went into the house.

They did not have to ask Grandma for bread. They knew where it was kept.

When they went back to the garden the mud pies were gone. But there were some real little apple pies.

It is fun to have make-believe pies turn into real pies.

CHERRY-TREE SNOW.

The cherry tree was all in bloom.
The blossoms were white as snow.

When Mabel saw the tree it was like one big blossom.

That night the wind blew hard.
In the morning the ground under the cherry tree was white. It looked like snow, but it was the blossoms.

Mabel made a sled out of white paper, with a cord to drag it by.

Then she put her paper dolls



on the sled, and gave them a sleigh ride over the blossom snow.

What fun she had, until Mr. Wind came and blew them all off!

MAKE-BELIEVE FISHING.



What do you think I saw one day? I saw a little city girl make believe she was fishing.

Children in the city have to make believe it is country. They can not roll and run on the grass. They can not hear the birds sing. But they can play in a make-believe country.

This little girl was fishing. There was a hole under her window. The men had dug it to lay some pipes for water. They had gone home.

She thought the hole looked like a pond. She tied her shoe to a long cord and let it down in the hole. She made believe the shoe was a fish. She pulled it up and down, and had great fun.

A little work, and a little play,
And hours of quiet sleep,
A cheerful heart, and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place,—
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?



THE SEA.

Down by the sea! down by the sea!
That's where the children delight to be,
With pails and shovels, pebbles and sand,
Building towers and castles grand;
Towers and castles to last for a day,
Till the waves come up and wash them away.

Down by the sea! down by the sea!
Where can one feel so happy and free?
Faces grow brown and hands grow strong,

And voices are ready with shout and song.
The shore is filled with a merry din
As the big white waves come rolling in.

A. W. M.

BRINGERS OF JOY.

(To be memorized.)

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn like gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

ANON.



SIX LITTLE LETTERS.

1. FROM A DOG.

DEAR LITTLE MASTER,—

I am only a dog, but I love you dearly. You are so good to me. You bring me nice things to eat. You keep my house clean and you give me a bath often.

You let me play with you. You

let me go into the woods with
you and gather nuts. It is fun
to gather nuts, even if I do not
like to eat them.

I wish there was something I
could do for you.

Your little dog,

SPORT.

He likes to rest his head on your hand
With a look that says — “ You understand ; ”
Or he loves to lead with bound and leap
Through forest paths where the ferns are
deep ;

Always ready and ever true, —
A friend to the end, whate’er you do ;
Frisk as a grig and chirk as a frog,
That’s the way with the Boldie Dog !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SIX LITTLE LETTERS.

2. FROM A MOUSE.

DEAR MRS. CAT, —

I know you like to hunt for mice. You like the taste of a nice young mouse.



I am very much afraid of you.

My six little children are so much afraid of you that they will hardly peep out of the hole that is our front door. I have to bring them food to eat.

But they will soon be so big

that I can not bring enough food for them. Then they must go out and hunt for their own food.

You have a good home, and a kind mistress.

You do not need mice to eat. You have all the meat and bread and milk you want.

Will you ask your mistress if she will tie a bell on your neck? Then my children and I will know when you are coming, and we can run and hide.

Please, Mrs. Cat, do this for me, and I will not be afraid of you any more.

GRAY MOUSE.

SIX LITTLE LETTERS.

3. FROM A DOLL IN A STORE WINDOW.

DEAR MARY,—

I am a doll in the store window. You have looked at me many times. Other little girls have



looked at me too, but I like you best.

I want you for my mamma. I would like to live in your house. You look very kind.

It is hard for a doll to stay in a store window. The light hurts my eyes. If I could lie down,

they would shut. But I can't lie down without somebody to help me.

If you will ask your papa to buy me for you, I will be very good. I will not make much noise. And I will try not to eat much. I will lie beside you in bed at night. I will give you many pleasant hours.

Please ask your papa to buy me!
I want to be your little girl.

PINK-CHEEKS.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all:

SIX LITTLE LETTERS.

4. FROM A CANARY BIRD.

DEAR ANNA, —

I am tired of being your canary bird. You do not know how to take care of a bird. You for-



get to feed me. You forget that I need water to drink. You should put my bath

tub in my cage every day. I love to take a bath!

What would you do if your

mamma should forget to give you any dinner or any bath? How would you like that?

Sometimes she gives you apples and pieces of sugar to eat. Why don't you give me some? I like apples and sugar, too.

I sing sweet songs for you. I chirp when you come near my cage. And I fly on your hand when I am out of my cage.

Will you not try to take better care of me? If you don't, I'll have to find another little girl to live with.

Your pet bird,

GOLDIE.

SIX LITTLE LETTERS.

5. FROM A HORSE.

MY DEAR, KIND MASTER, —

I have often thought of writing you a letter. I want to tell



you how much I love you for being so kind to me. I wish every horse had such a good master.

Some masters whip their horses, even when they are trying their best to pull

the load. But you always know when I am trying.

And some masters do not give their horses enough to eat to make them strong for their work. A horse can not work well if he does not have enough to eat. But I always have enough. And you and my mistress often give me apples and pieces of sugar. Horses like these things.

In winter you never forget to cover me when I have to wait for you in the cold. In summer you never tie me in the hot sun if you can help it.

Your friend, DOBBIN.



SIX LITTLE LETTERS.

6. FROM A SQUIRREL.

TO THE BOYS THAT LIVE IN THE
RED HOUSE,—

I am the squirrel that lives in
the big tree just as you go into

the woods. It is not far from your house.

You know me, for you have been throwing stones at me, and trying to frighten me.

I do not hurt you in any way. I try to stay away from your yard. I try not to take all the nuts in the autumn. I only take enough to use in the winter time.

You are kind boys, I know. You are good to your dog, and you never throw stones at the chickens, or at any birds you see.

Please do not throw stones at me any more. Let us be friends.

BUSHY-TAIL..



THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field or tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

R. L. S.

A VALENTINE KITTEN.

What a pretty kitten! Is she
yours?

Yes, she is my kitten. Her
name is Vallie.

What a queer name! Why did
you call her Vallie?

Because she was a valentine.
She came to me on Valentine's
day.

Do you know who sent her?

Yes, I think it was Auntie. She always sends me queer valentines, not like other people send.



How could she send you a kitten for a valentine? She couldn't tie it up in paper.

No, she tied ribbons on the kitten's neck and feet. Then she

came at night and put her down by the front door. Then she pulled the bell and ran away to hide.

I opened the door, for I thought it was another valentine. And there was the kitten with a piece of paper on her ribbon that said, "Your Valentine."

How glad you must have been to get such a nice valentine!

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.



THE ROBINS' FEATHER BED.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin were working very hard to finish their house. They had to hunt all about to find enough wool and sticks and horsehair to use.

It was a round house, and it didn't have any roof. But as it was in a large tree, the green leaves made a very good roof.

Have you guessed that the house was a nest?

One beautiful day Mr. Robin came flying home with a soft red feather in his mouth.

"What is it, and where did you get it?" asked Mrs. Robin.

“I don’t know what it is, but I got it from some queer-looking thing in the garden. It was a round black thing on the ground. It was not a plant, but I don’t know what it was. I had to pull and pull to get this off.”

“How nice and soft it is,” said Mrs. Robin.

She took it in her bill, and flew to the nest with it. “It will make a warm, soft bed,” she said.

She put it in the nest and fastened it down with a piece of horse-hair.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin were happy with their nice feather bed all

that spring. But a little girl felt very sorry she had left her hat out in the garden. Somebody had taken the pretty red feather from the hat.

She never knew where it went.

THE STARS.

What do the stars do
Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow,
Or the clouds can fly?

Each star in its own glory
Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set,
And do its Maker's will.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



THE BIRDS' EATING-HOUSE.

What do you think we have in our yard? A birds' eating-house.

Many people have bird houses in their yards; but did you ever hear of a birds' eating-house?

We do not keep it open in the summer time. Oh, no, for then

there are many ways for birds to get enough to eat.

But in the winter, when the snow has covered everything, and they can get no fruit or grain or seeds, then the birds need their eating-house.

It is not a house at all. It is just a large bush. Under the bush, on the ground, we throw all the crumbs that we can get.

We sweep the snow away, first. If you throw crumbs on the snow, the birds can not always see them.

We throw seeds under the bush, too, for birds like many kinds of seeds.

And on the branches of the bush we sometimes tie pieces of nice white fat, from meat before it is cooked.

The birds like this fat, and it is good for them in the cold winter.

I wish other boys and girls would have birds' eating-houses in their yards.

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live :
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home, —
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song.



PILLOW FAIRIES.

Little Ben was at his grandmother's. He had never been away from his mother before. He was only five years old.

He played all day long. He had fun with the dog and the cat and the chickens.

But when night came, he cried for his mother. He would not go

to bed without her. Grandma did not know what to do about it.

At last she said, "If you will be a good boy and go to bed, perhaps the pillow fairies will come in the night."

Ben stopped crying. "What are pillow fairies?" he asked.

"They come sometimes when little boys and girls are good about going to bed," said Grandma. "In the morning you may look under your pillow. Then, if you find something good there, you may know that the fairies have been here. But they will not come until you are asleep."

So Ben went to bed without crying any more. He had many pleasant dreams, and did not wake up once in the night.

In the morning he looked under his pillow.

And there he found a little cake, an apple, and a new whistle!

Who do you suppose the pillow fairies were?

FOUR LITTLE BIRDS.

Four little birds all flew from their nest, —
Flew north, flew south, flew east and west;
They thought they would like a wider view,
So they spread their wings and away they
flew.



MR. SQUIRREL'S VISIT.

Mr. Squirrel lived in the woods. He was afraid of people. When he heard anyone walking through the woods, he ran away to the tree where he lived, and hid himself.

But one day Mr. Squirrel grew quite brave, and went to make a visit. Not far away, on the shore of a pretty lake, was a little

house. Some people were living there for the summer.

Mr. Squirrel liked these people. They never tried to catch him.

On this day Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes saw them all go out to sail on the lake. So he started over to see what kind of a house the nice people lived in.

He scampered across the grass, then up the steps, and in at the open door. There was a large cool room, and in it was a table.

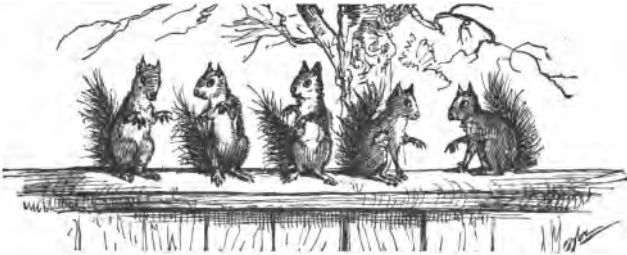
On the table was a dish. "What is in that dish?" thought Mr. Squirrel. "I'll jump up and see."

He got up on a chair, then on the table, and peeped into the dish. It was full of nuts.

Oh, how glad Mr. Squirrel was! It was not the season for nuts, so he couldn't find any out doors.

He broke the shells and ate a great many. Then he filled his cheeks and ran home.

When the people came back, they wondered who had been there eating their nuts.





THE HORSE THAT HAD A PARTY.

Did you ever hear of a horse that had a party?

Our horse Brownie had a party when he was ten years old.

We all love Brownie, and we thought he might have a birthday party.

We always have birthday parties.

It was in the autumn, and the

trees were full of red and yellow leaves. We made a string of them to go around Brownie's neck, and another to hang over his back.

Then papa led Brownie all around the yard, and we boys marched along beside him. We wore our soldier clothes.

Harold had his drum and the rest of us had horns.

Mamma and Grandma watched us as we marched. After we had gone around the yard we stopped in front of the house.

We sat down on the steps to rest. We had cake and apples to eat.

Brownie had some apples, too, and we pulled grass for him to eat.

He took it from our hands.

We gave him a box with pieces of sugar in it, for a birthday present. We called it a box of candy. Brownie likes sugar. He seems to like a party, too.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

This is how the flowers grow:

I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen

A tiny blade of purest green,

Reaching up and peeping forth

East and West, and South and North.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cosy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the West and South
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower full-grown.

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

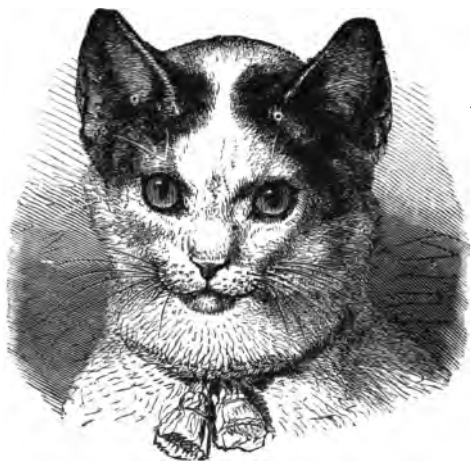
TWO SCOLDINGS.

MOLLY SCOLDS PUSSY.

Mrs. Pussy, I must tell you how bad your kittens are. Muff tried to wash my doll's face, and she licked all the paint off. Fluff got into my work-basket. Oh, how she did stir things up in that basket! Puff jumped up on the table and frightened my bird.

Poor little bird! He flapped his wings against the sides of his cage and tried to get out. He was afraid Puff would hurt him.

You should make your kittens try to be good, Mrs. Pussy. You should scold them well.



PUSSY SCOLDS MOLLY.

I will scold them, Molly, but first I'll scold you. You are no better than my kittens are. Your mother does not make you try to be good.

Why was your doll left where Muff could find her? You should have put her away.

You left your work-basket on

the chair where Fluff takes her nap. Why didn't you keep it in your room?

You should never leave your bird's cage on the table. Don't you know that cats like to frighten birds?

If you will try to do better, I will make Muff, Fluff, and Puff try to do better.

O brook and breeze and blossom,
And robin on the tree,
You make a joy of duty,
A pride of industry;
Teach me to work as blithely,
With a willing hand and heart:
The world is full of labor,
And I must do my part.

Selected.

A SONG OF WORK.

The river, bearing boats to sea,
The kindly sheltering wayside tree,
The flowers that push up to the light,
The dew that falls throughout the night —
Each has its special work to do;
And so, O little child, have you.

The bird that sings a song of praise,
The bee that toils through summer days,
The busy insects in the grass,
The fairy butterflies that pass —
Each lives a life all bright and true;
And so, O little child, may you.

A little sunshine by the way
Makes bright the dullest, darkest day;
And so a loving, happy face
Makes sunshine in a gloomy place.
There's need of workers brave and true;
There's need, O little child, of you!

THE WIND'S WORK.

Why do you hurry along so fast, Wind?

Because I must be at work, and I have a long way to go.

Where are you going to work, Wind?

This morning I must go to the sea. Some big boats are waiting until I come and blow on their sails.

The boats must stay where they are until I push their sails; then they can move along. The people on the boats want to get to shore. I will go and help them.

After that I will play with the

chil-
dren.
They
like to

play with me. I
blow the girls'
hair about, and I blow
the boys' hats off, but
they think it is fun.

I help the boys fly
their kites, too. They
could not fly kites with-
out me.

Then I turn the arms
of the windmills around.
The windmills can not do
their work without me. If I



did not blow, they could not pump up the water for the cows and horses to drink.

When evening comes, I rock the birds to sleep in their nests.

How very busy you are, Wind!

Yes, but don't you think that everyone should be busy? I do.

THE GRASS'S WORK.

Will you let me lie down in you, Grass? I'm very tired.

Yes, I am glad to have children lie down and let me rest them. I like to feel of their faces and hands and feet with my little green fingers.



Do you have to work, Grass?

Yes, indeed. I do more than any other plant to make the world beautiful. Did you ever think of that?

It is my work to keep every bit of ground covered with my soft velvet. I grow where nothing else will grow. I cover ugly

places with green, and then they do not seem so ugly.

I keep the ground clean. It could not be clean if I did not grow over the dirt. Whenever a place is left with dirt to cover it, I soon spread my green velvet there.

When I have grown very high, they cut me down, and I dry in the sunshine, and become hay.

So you see, I am very busy. I must grow fast and tall, so the horses will have good sweet hay to eat. I must go everywhere and make the ground beautiful. And I must keep a soft bed

always ready for children to roll on and lie down in.

Thank you, Grass. I shall like you better, now you have told me all that you do.

JACK FROST'S WORK.

I know you have come, Jack Frost! I can tell because you've begun to paint the autumn leaves. I saw a few red leaves on the maple tree this morning.

You must work very fast, Jack Frost. We want the woods to look pretty in their bright colors. There are so many leaves on the trees and bushes that you'll have

enough to do. You will have to work day and night.

Yes, little boy, I have come to do my autumn and winter work.

First, I must paint the leaves. I will try to make them bright red and gold, so the woods will look beautiful. Then I must cover the brooks over with ice, so they can sleep all winter.

You will not see me, but you will feel me, for I'll make your face and hands and feet so cold.

Some winter night, when you are asleep, I'll come softly into your room and make beautiful frost-pictures on the windows.



THE SNOW'S WORK.

How softly you come down,
Snow! You do not make a noise
like the rain, and yet you are
falling very fast.

My flakes are so fine and soft
that they can not make a noise.
They are falling fast because we
must get all the ground covered
to-day.

It will be very cold soon, and I want to get all the flower-roots covered, so they will be kept warm. I do not want them to freeze.

I must fill up the brooks, too. There has been no rain for a long time, and they would be dry if I did not fill them with snow. When it melts, it will make the water they need to keep them flowing.

Have you much more work to do, Snow?

Yes, I have ; but I do not call it work. I must fall fast and cover the ground thickly, so the

boys and girls can have a good time. I like to see them have fun



with me. I like to see them throw me about, and build snow men and snow houses.

Best of all, I like to see them get out their sleds and slide down hill. What sport they have!

COASTING SONG.

DOWN.

Over the snow and ice we go,

Down, down, down!

Hip hurrah, for the coasting hill,

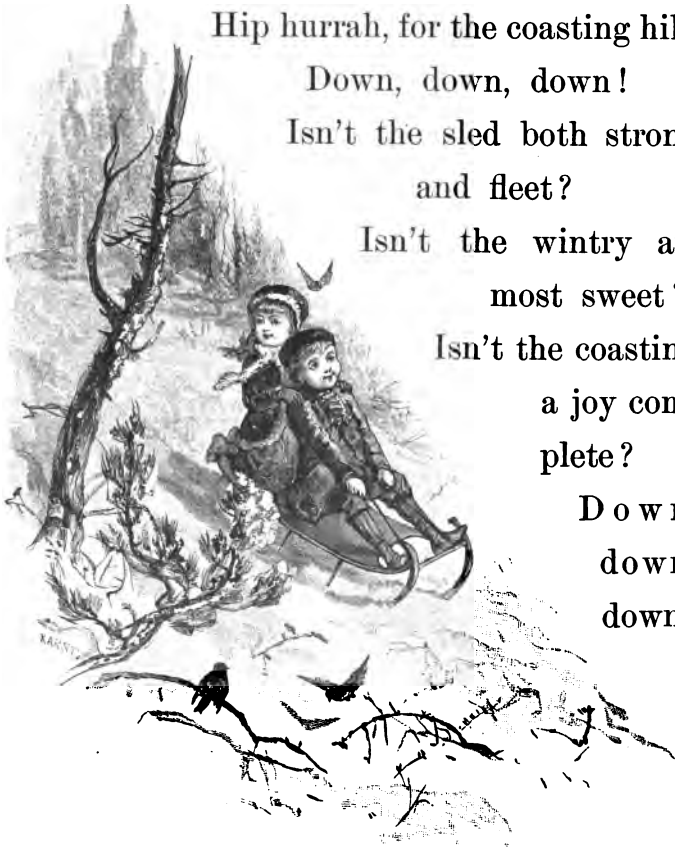
Down, down, down!

Isn't the sled both strong
and fleet?

Isn't the wintry air
most sweet?

Isn't the coasting
a joy com-
plete?

Down,
down,
down!



COASTING SONG.

UP.

Now we must climb the long, long hill,

Up, up, up!

Climb the long and slippery hill,

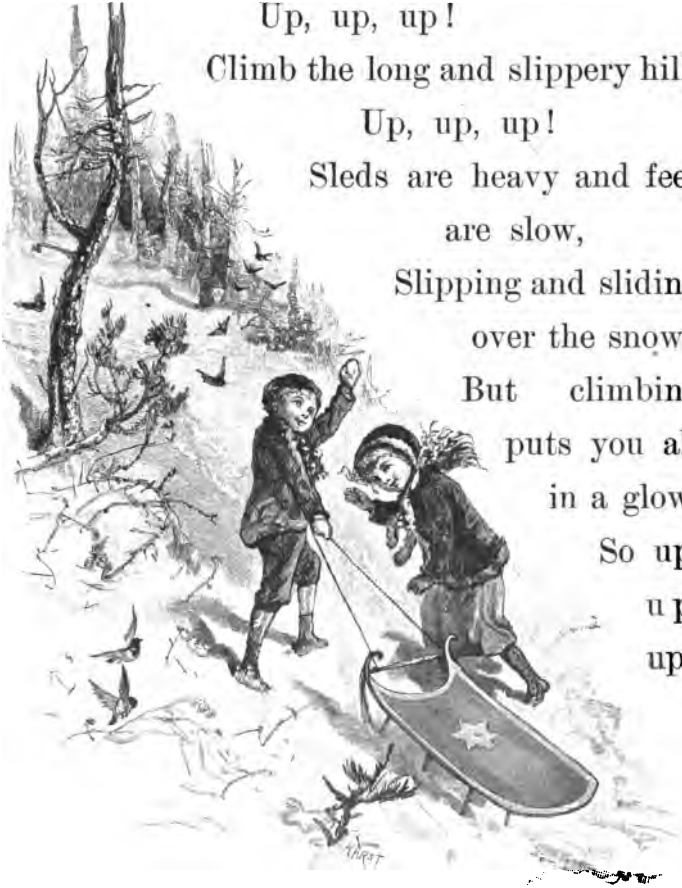
Up, up, up!

Sleds are heavy and feet
are slow,

Slipping and sliding
over the snow;

But climbing
puts you all
in a glow.

So up,
up,
up!





A HEAVY LOAD OF HAY.

It is great fun to ride on a load of hay. The hay smells sweet, and you can slide down into it until you are almost out of sight.

Bess and Bert were in the hay field. They saw Jim coming for a load of hay. Jim never would let them ride on the hay.

After the load was ready, Jim went to the spring for a drink.

Bess and Bert climbed up on the wagon and hid in the hay. They pulled some of the hay over them so Jim could not see them.

He drove his load of hay to a gardener to sell it.

“This is heavier than your last load,” said the gardener while the wagon was standing on the hay-scales. “Have you put stones in your wagon?”

“No, sir,” said Jim. “There must be more hay on the wagon.”

The gardener’s wife was looking out of her window. “Ha, ha, ha,”

she said. "I should like to buy that load."

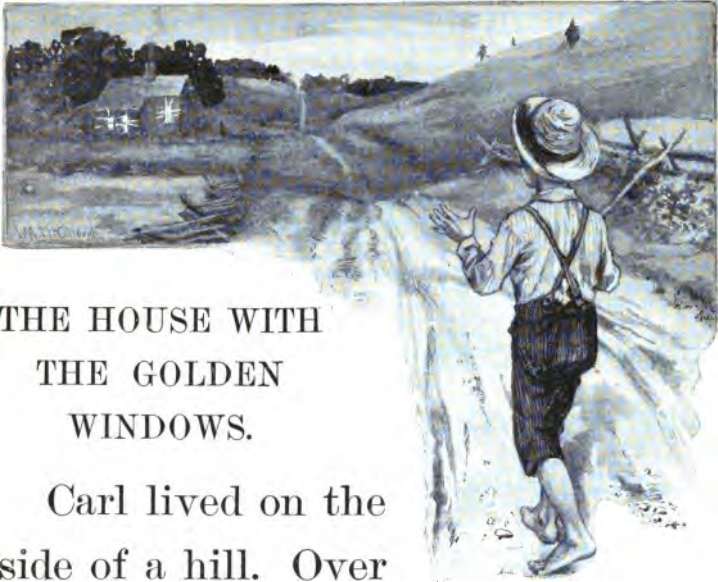
Just then Bess sat up on the load, and the men could see her big hat. "I want my mamma," she said.

"I'll buy the load," said the gardener's wife, laughing.

"Don't buy us," said Bert. "We want to go home."

"Come in and have some cake and milk first," said the gardener, as he lifted them down, and took them into the house.

And Jim said, "Well, well, those children! What will they do next?"



THE HOUSE WITH
THE GOLDEN
WINDOWS.

Carl lived on the side of a hill. Over across the valley on another hill, he could see another house. This house looked like his house, only it had golden windows.

Each morning, as soon as the sun rose, Carl was up and out, helping his father with his work; for they were poor.

As he milked the cow and fed the chickens, he would look over at the house across the valley.

“Oh, how I wish our house had golden windows,” he would say to himself. “It is a poor little house, but if it had golden windows it would look very fine.”

One morning when the golden windows seemed to shine brighter than usual, Carl asked his mother to give him a lunch, for he wanted to take a long walk.

She gave him some bread and some apples, and he went away. He was going to see the house with the golden windows.

It was a long walk, much longer than he thought it would be. Now and then he stopped to rest. He would sing a song as he sat resting.

After he had eaten his lunch, he lay down under a tree to take a nap. It was such a long nap that the afternoon was half gone when he awoke. So he walked on fast toward the house with the golden windows.

But alas! when it came in sight, the windows were only glass, just like those in his own home. Carl turned sadly away and looked across the valley toward his

home. And there — yes, there was a little house with golden windows. What house could it be? He had never seen such a house there before.

He began to walk quickly toward his home, and as he did not stop to rest or take a nap, he was soon there.

Then as he walked up the hill and saw the late sunshine on the windows, he knew that his own house, too, was a house with golden windows.

And always after that Carl loved his home better than ever before.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



